Vpon his party for the gaine there of,
And therevpon he ſends you this good newes:
That this ſame very day, your enemies,
The kindred of the Queene, muſt die at *Pomfret*.
Haſt. Indeede I am no mourner for this newes,
Becauſe they haue beene ſtill mine enemies:
But that Ile giue my voyce on *Richards* ſide,
To barre my maſters heires in true diſcent,
God knowes I will not do it to the death.
Cat. God keepe your Lordſhip in that gracious minde,
Haſt. But I ſhall laugh at this a twelmonth hence,
That they who brought me to my maſters hate,
I liue to looke vpon their tragedy:
I tell thee *Catesby*. *Cat*. What my Lord?
Haſt. Ere a Fore-night make me elder,
Ile ſend ſome packing that yet thinke not one it.
Cat. Tis a vile thing to die my gracious Lord
When men are vnprepard, and looke not for it.
Haſt. O monſtrous, monſtrous, and ſo fals it out
With *Riuers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*, and ſo twill doo
With ſome men elſe, who thinke themſelues as ſafe
As thou, and I, who as thou knowſt are deare
To Princely *Richard*, and to *Buckingham*.
Cat. The Princes both make high account of you,
For they account his head vpon the bridge.
Haſt. I know they doe and I haue well deſerued it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

What my L. where is your Boare-ſpeare man?
Feare you the Boare, and goe you ſo vnprouided?
Stan. My L. good morrow: good morrow *Catsby*:
You may ieſt one, but by the holy Roode,
I doe not like theſe ſeuerall counſels I.
Haſt. My L. I hold my life as deare as you doe yours,
And neuer in my life I doe proteſt,
Was it more precious to me then it is now,
Thinke you but that I know our ſtate ſecure,
I would be ſo triumphant as, I am?
Stan. The Lords of *Pomfret* when they rode from *London*,
Were iocund, and ſuppoſde their ſtates was ſure,

And

And indeede had no cauſe
But yet you ſee how ſoon
This ſuddaen ſcab of ranco
Pray God I ſay, I proue a
But come my Lord ſhall
Haſt. I go: but ſtay, hea
This day thoſe men you ta
Sta. They for their truth
Then ſome that haue accuſ
But come my L. let vs awa
Haſt. Go you before Ile

Enter Haſti

Haſt. Well met *Haſting*
Pur. The better that it p
Haſt. I tell thee fellow, tis
Then when I met thee laſt
Then was I going priſoner
By the ſuggeſtion of the Q
But now I tell thee (keepe
This day theſe enemyes ar
And I in better ſtate then e
Pur. God hold it to your
Haſt. Gramercy *Haſting*

He giues h

Pur. God ſaue your Lord
Haſt. What Sir *Iohn*, you
I am beholding to you for
Come the next Sabboth, an

Enter Bu

Buc. How now Lord *Cha*
Your friends at *Pomfret* th
Your Honour hath no ſtriu
Haſt. Good faith, and wh
Thoſe men you talke of, ea
What, go you to the *Tower*
Buc. I do, but long I ſhall
I ſhall returne before your
Haſt. Tis like enough for
Buc. And ſupper too althou

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